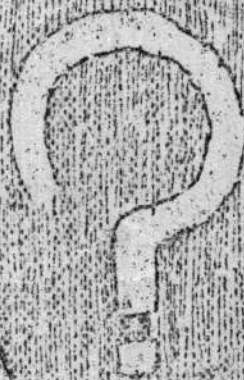
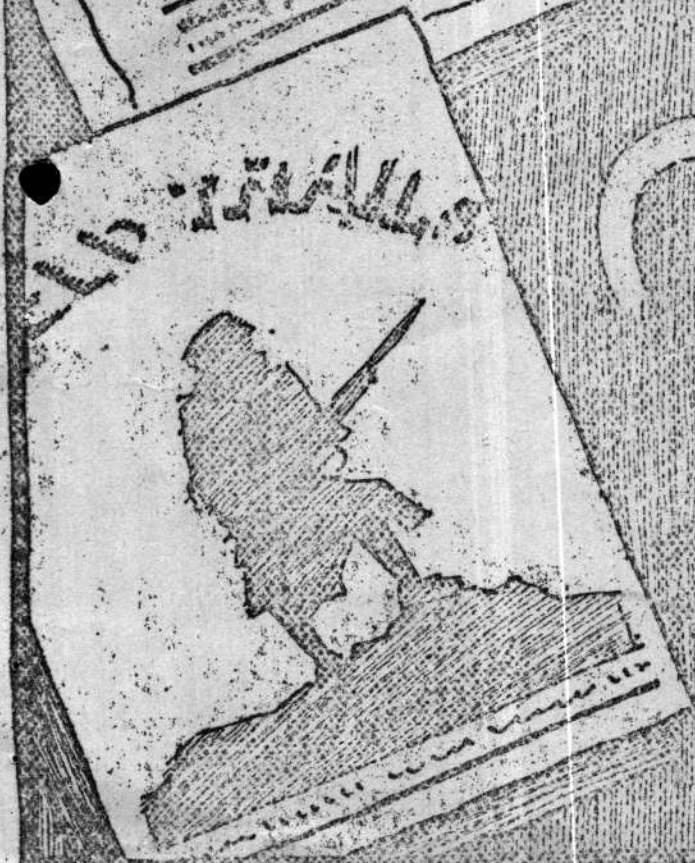


Jan 1939

VELD TRAILS



VELD TRAILS

(OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TRANSVAAL ROVERS)

VOL. II.

January 1939.

NO. I.

SUBSCRIPTION 2/6 PER ANNUM

In my first letter as the new editor of "Veld Trails" I would like to pay a sincere tribute to our friend Arthur Robertson, who has given up the job for a greater one, after putting the magazine well on its feet. With any form of publication, the most difficult period is that during which the paper is fighting for recognition, and getting together its reading public. And that is the period during which Arthur has steered the course of "Veld Trails" with conspicuous success.

"Veld Trails" has made a definite place for itself in Transvaal Rovering, and it is my wish to keep the magazine in that place, and to make it a truly useful organ while I wield the official blue pencil.

In future we will endeavour to bring out our publication on one fixed date every month -- no easy task when the paper has to pass through the hands of a number of people all of whom have a great deal of other work to do.

Publication day will be the 5th of every month. This means that all articles, news items and crew flashes must be in the hands of the Editor on or before the 20th of the previous month, and the co-operation of all Rovers is earnestly sought for this purpose. It will take us at least two months to get the system working properly. This month we have published late, and next month we hope to make up a little time. The February issue will be ready, if all goes well, by about the 12th, and we earnestly request all crew scribes to get in some copy by the end of January for publication in the February magazine. Copy for the March issue should be sent in by February 20. and thereafter the system will continue in operation.

We welcome contributions of any description, and also any constructive criticisms for the improvement of the magazine.

We hope to make "Veld Trails" more of a news paper than it has been in the past,

and future issues will contain information about events to come, and concise reports of the proceedings of the Rover Scout Executive Committee, in addition to the usual articles and Headquarters Notices.

Yours in Scouting,
Claude L. Cook.

VELD TRAILS.

Veld Trails is the official organ of the Transvaal Rover Branch of the Boy Scout Movement. It is published monthly, and the subscription is 2/6 per annum, including postage.

All copy should be in the hands of the Editor by the 20th of the month previous to publishing.

Veld Trails' address is
23, Orchard Road,
Orchards
JOHANNESBURG.

SUPPORT YOUR MAGAZINE, ROVERS.

PLANNING THE CREW PROGRAMME

The R/S/L scratched his head. Monday afternoon again, and no programme drawn up for tonight yet! I seem to do nothing but draw up programmes for that lot of lazy tikes. And yet we don't seem to get very much done somehow -- when you look back over the past year, there has been very little we have really accomplished.

And no wonder -- because, common with dozens of other Scout officers throughout the country, the well-meaning but not too far thinking Rover Leader was in the habit of scratching up a programme at the last minute, with no

particular scheme in mind, and simply picking the first subjects which came to him when he made a hurried search through his text books. Even if most R/S/L's are not quite as bad as this, the tendency towards scrappy programmes cannot be denied, and without a definite system, with each programme following connectedly upon the last, the crew cannot hope to achieve any definite success.

Through the medium of "Veld Trails" we want to try and remedy this position. Next month Ron Eager, R/M of 1st Orange Grove, will set the ball rolling by describing in this magazine a system on which that crew have been working for some months with considerable success. Then after that, a different crew will be asked each month to send to "Veld Trails" the description of the programme scheme they have found most successful, or a number of specimen programmes from which it will be possible for other Crews to gain some new ideas.

In a centre where we have only a few crews where inter-crew visiting is not done on nearly as extensive a scale as it should be, this inter-change of ideas through the medium of our magazine should prove of the greatest use.

It would also be appreciated if some Crew could take note of the letter in our December issue, and send in one or two private Crew hike routes, which they would not mind sharing with some other Crews who are in need of new places to visit.

Doctors say it is a good thing to keep young, but the trouble is where to put them.

SOUTH AFRICAN ROMANCE.

"What about outspanning here for the night, old man?" - the speaker turned to his companion and indicated a smoothly grassed clearing among the umzimbeet thorn clothing the kopje. "Just the thing, and the spring's quite handy too," replied the other, who had let his experienced eye take in all the advantages of the site as a camp-spot. "Here's my rue sac - billie's in the usual place - you fix the fire, and start cooking while I get some wood."

With the smoothness of long practice

the preparations for the evening meals were set forward. First stones for the fireplace - water for the billies - light the fire - feed it with big logs to give a steady flame for the roast, then set about mixing the damper while the sound of cracking twigs, and now and then an axe biting deep betrayed the activities of the wood gatherer. All this automatically, for the old Troop, and later the crew, had trained them well in the ways of the Veld.

The whistle of a sakabula repeated thrice suddenly broke the silence, followed by a lusty "Come on Tom, Grub up," as the busy cook removed the billies from the fire and shared the steaming food into two deep and gaudy plates.

The collector of wood wandered slowly back to the glowing fire, his eyes fixed on the deepening hues of the African sunset until he almost stepped on the groundsheet spread out as a table cloth.

"Wake up dreamy, and get this inside you" - his friend's reminder startled the faraway look for a moment, and then without replying he drew a rusty object from a pocket and presented it for inspection "Only a dirty old assegai blade! - forget it, and battle through this - its good Tom," and filling his mouth with potato the cook pushed the second plate towards his companion.

Four hours later, as the moon rose over the darkened horizon, only the embers of the fire and two silent forms betrayed the presence of anything other than the age-old kopjes. The moon rose higher and higher, until its beams filtering through the thorn bushes struck the rusty assegai head and transformed it to shining silver - one of the figures stirred and grasped the blade - the scene blurred, and cleared again.

In the clearing stood a wagon, the oxen outspanned for the night while from the fireside came the sound of a woman singing as she tended her prospector husband's meal -- bravely facing the hardships of the veld for the sake of the one she loved.

Suddenly she started as a strange sound broke the stillness - a tomtom, or the running of many feet? - maybe the tapping of assegais against shields! - and something glinted in the moonlight.

"Charlie, Charlie!" the note of alarm in her voice caused her husband to come running up. "I saw a native in the bushes - do you think he will harm us?"

The throbbing sound was nearer; without a word he took her hand. She looked at him and understood, for both knew the pitiless bloodlust of the Zulu.

"Goodbye then Dear - you'll never let them take me alive, will you?" Silently he shook his head, then, rifle in hand, he waited.

"Eengonyama! Gonyama! the Zulu warcry shattered the silence and a score of warriors crouching behind ox-hide shields danced from the bushes. Five fell to the prospector's fire, and the line hesitated - then at a shouted word of command from the induna the rest charged, flinging their spears as they came. The shots came closer together, then ceased - no time to reload! grasping a spear that stood quivering in the ground the white man turned to his wife: "God bless you Sweetheart," - and thrust.

As the moon sank behind the western horizon the dawn breeze stirred the golden hair of the girl and blew it across the bloodstained face of her mate. The spear projecting from her stilled heart glowed red in the light of the dawn.

The sun dispelling the early morning mists shone down on two sleepy hikers, one of them clutching an old assegai blade.

In the distance sounded the dreary
 Are of a mine hooter -----

"Q"

"VELD TRAILS" COVER COMPETITION.

It has been suggested that "Veld Trails" takes unto itself a permanent Cover design. You will see on this month's cover, copies of previous covers "Veld Trails" have had - this simply to give you ideas.

Submit your design to the editor before the 20th February 1939. Any medium will do pencil, pen, crayon or paint. Leave the rest to Veld Trails Committee. A prize will

be given to the winner of the Competition.

Note: Closing date 20th February 1939.

ROSEBANK'S NIGHT OUT.

Dear Readers,

T'other night (having picked up a couple o' tickets) I meandered along to the Rosebank Scout Hall - the new one - you wouldn't know it if you'd ever seen the old one - and I was mightily entranced and amused by the splendid show put on by the aforesaid Rosebankers.

There was so much to see that I didn't see it all well enough but a few really good things are worth mentioning in the cause of higher education.

First on my list comes the Ballet Dancers from the Bally Troop. They were the last word in whatever you like. Flitting hither and yon like the nymphish sprites they were, they had us entranced by their weird and wonderful squirmings and convulsive shudderings. Their interpretation of the Dying Swan - or was it the Last Rose of Summer

- was a wonder to behold. They should go far. I hope they do.

And man, jong, thet bloke from Kimberley! Ag, man, maar hy was good, eh! Hy's somar a cheeky kerel that.

And now I know. That donkey knew that Mexican cabellero met die banjo. T'wasn't the first time it seems to me. Any way, Hammy, we won't tell - much.

The bold, bad, robbers were soon booted off the stage by the bonnie boy with the pistols - he must have been a Boy Scout.

The Past, Present and Future! Give me the present at any time. After all, old bean, I mean to say, dash it, what's the world coming to if we don't exercise our privilege in telling the tale.

If I were Shiek of Araby - or where o'er it was that Rigby and Co., found themselves I'd count the loss well worth while. Oh! to be a Sultan with so many beautiful Sultanas. Takes the cake, it does. Now I know the correct pronunciation of 'harem'. It's either 'haarem',

'harem', or 'haareem'. Sa fact!

And what more was there, you ask. Well, fellow readers and Mr. Editor, there were so many good turns that it's hard to tell you of everything I saw and liked. There was an accordion player and his rendering of Suikerbossie took my 'way back to the days when.... but that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story. The tap-dancers took the eye, or eyes, of the gent, sitting next to me. I heard him exclaim once or twice - something about a sole I think it was. And what about thucking wader through a thraw! That wath a good snow too. The whole thow wath good, in fact!

So if anyone wants to know what's on at the shows ring me up and I'll let you know if Rosebank are in the limelight.

Thine Cheerily,

TOOTS.

"Cobber, it's up to me and you
To see that half his dreams come true...."

Rovers are often asked, "In what way is your movement better than other similar organisations?" No true Rover would wish to belittle the work done by Toc H, Boy's Clubs, Boy's Brigade etc. We realize the tremendous amount of labour and thought put into their efforts and the excellent results that follow. Toc H especially has similar ideals to Rover-
G.

Yet we believe we have in our movement something that is lacking in the others. That is only natural since otherwise we should, if we were honest, leave Rovering and join the better body. What is that something?

Under the inspired leadership of the Chief Scout, Scouting has grown up to be an immense movement among youth for the creation of character. From this boys' organisation it was only natural that sooner or later a men's section should arise and so the Rover Movement was born.

In Rovering much of the original Scout training is retained, but also a good deal of additional matter is introduced in order to cater for the needs of those who are face to face with life's trials and dangers. The main points of Rovering can be summarised in two words - Service and Brotherhood.

Service is effected by requiring every Rover to undertake some work for others, involving definite sacrifice of time and com-

fort. Service is the rent we pay for our room on earth says Toc H, and many of us know that we haven't paid our back rent for a long time.

Let's begin 1939 and pay it off - in instalments or in a lump sum. There are many ways in which you can serve. Scouters, Cubbers, Secretaries, Special Tests, Slum work - and many others.

The motto of the every reigning Prince of Wales is "Ich Dien". Let it be our motto too.

"ONLOOKER".

THE ROVER SCOUT LAW AND PROMISE III.

"A scout is clean in thought, word and deed."

In this modern world, where we are living between the two eras of the old and the new -- between the era of hypocritical prudery and the era of unembarrassed familiarity with matters of sex - and when the world has not quite made up its mind how frankly this matter is to be treated, we are in need of some definite standard of living. This standard is provided by the Scout Law and Promise, and by the Tenth Scout Law in particular. Scouting does not set an easy standard; it sets a standard for men, and it is worth it.

I do not intend to deal here with such subjects as the use of bad language, and the youthful problems of curiosity about the reproduction of life. Those are matters in which every Rover should, at the time of his Vigil, have made a thorough investigation, and formed his own standard for life. To anyone who requires further information on the latter subject, I can recommend the booklet "Facts About Ourselves," published jointly by the Johannesburg City Public Health Department and the S.A. Red Cross Society, and obtainable from either of these bodies. This booklet is the frankest and most honest exposition of the process of life-reproduction I have yet encountered.

We shall be clean in body, as well as, in mind. As Rovers we have presumably got beyond the stage where cleanliness is confined to mere washing. Cleanliness to us must mean cleanliness of our whole mental and physical system, which can be obtained only by self-

control in such matters as smoking, drinking, sex-indulgence, exercise, and "mind-feeding" in what we read.

Rovers have passed the stage of adolescence, and if they during that period adhered to the promise they took as Scouts they would already have sufficient knowledge of sex matters, and sufficient self-control to keep themselves clean in thought, word and deed.

As Rovers, the Tenth Scout Law has for us a much wider implication. We have to face up to our duty as future parents, and decide just what the tenth law will demand of us in that position. Not only is it our duty to marry, as God intended us to do, but it is our duty to bring ourselves to that partnership as clean and pure in mind and body as we would wish our future wife to be.

It takes two lives to make a marriage, and every marriage, in order to keep up the strength of the human race, should produce at least enough children to replace the parents in the world, and to make up for the deficiency in the marriages where no children are possible. In a world where the number of late marriages with few or no children is increasing, these ideas may sound old-fashioned and reactionary, but a little serious and unselfish thought will convince the reader of their truth.

As parents obeying the Tenth Scout Law it will be our duty to make up our minds how liberal is to be our children's sex-education. Are they to go through a period of torture and suspense when they are assailed by the new experiences and sensations of adolescence, worried as to what is really happening to them, and anxious to find out at any cost; or are they to meet it prepared, with a full knowledge of what it is all about, and ready to treat it in the clean and sacred manner which God's greatest gift to mankind deserves?

The father who allows a boy to enter the age of adolescence unprepared, on the casual assumption that "boys always seem to find out", or that at Confirmation the boy has been sufficiently instructed by his priest, is committing an act that is almost criminal. It is not even fair to leave the explanation of such matters to a youthful Scoutmaster, as is so often the case. Boys will certainly gain their knowledge somehow, but Rover fathers should ensure that they gain it untarnished by the filth which surrounds stories told behind parents' backs, and read in crude sex

magazines.

We are out of the era when sex was looked upon as something disgusting, but we have not yet achieved the happy state when it will be to every child a natural and sacred thing.

Discussions of our obligations as parents may seem like looking very far ahead to some of my readers, but this little investigation into only one section of our law must impress on the young Rover how far-reaching are the implications of the Promise he has taken.

(This is the concluding article on the Rover Scout Law and Promise. Correspondence on any of the three papers will be welcome) Ed.

BOTTLED LIFE.

British pathological scientists have been watching closely the results achieved in the new blood storage and transfusion technique by which thousands of lives are being saved on Spanish Battlefields by British medical men in units sent out by the Spanish Medical Aid Committee.

A national chain of depots in Britain, where blood could be stored for transfusion as required - for a long time the dream of doctors in hospitals - was brought almost within sight amid the extensive preparations made when the European crisis was at its height.

If Great Britain is ever involved in another war, the supply and distribution of life-saving human blood will be organised. Donors, instead of rushing by taxi to the bedside of a patient in extremis, will report at regular intervals at a central depot, and will give blood there. It will be classified, laboratory treated, and stored in half-pint bottles.

In times of emergency a fleet of motor lorries will visit each hospital daily carrying the blood that will save hundreds of valuable lives.

Work is expected to begin soon on the construction of an underground re-

inforced concrete storeroom near Chesham, in Surrey, on land offered by a London business man. It is hoped eventually to build a suite of laboratories, bottle-washing and sterilising plant, and houses for the staff.

Mr. P.L. Oliver, secretary of the British Red Cross transfusion service and one of the blood transfusion pioneers in the country, said: "Of the 2,500 blood donors on the panel for London, it is estimated that only about 300 would be available in wartime. Yet during the crisis, when the hospitals were trying to arrange an emergency service of donors, one hospital wanted 200 a day - and there are 170 hospitals in London."

When the scheme comes into operation, Britain will be provided with the "blood Banks" which are already springing up in America.

THIRD WORLD ROVER MOOT.

How would you like:-

A journey from any seaport in Great Britain to Monzie Castle, Perthshire, Scotland;

Meals, firewood and camp charges for 10 days in camp;

Hikes and expeditions from the Camp;

A journey to Edinburgh for a three-day visit, with accommodation, meals and sight-seeing tours thrown in;

And insurance against personal accident and loss of personal property for the whole period

All for £4 cash?

That is what the British Scout Council is prepared to offer you if you attend the Third World Rover Moot, to be held in Scotland from July 15th to 18th. The Moot which will be attended by about 8,000 Rovers from all parts of the world, will be followed by the Tenth International Scout Conference, and there will also be wonderful opportunities to stay in Scotland and undertake various tours at amazingly low costs. For instance, a Grand Tour of the Highlands, taking five days, costs only £7.10. 0, all found.

There can be no doubt that this is one of the finest opportunities which has occurred for some time for Rovers to get over-sea, and to meet fellow Rovers from other

countries.

Rovers from S.A. wishing to participate must communicate with their own divisional headquarters for their names to be recorded. No organised tour arrangements will be made, as the numbers from South Africa are usually too small to make this a paying proposition. It is hoped that there will be an increase on the number of six Rover Scouts who attended the last World Moot. After the Moot, Rovers will be free to make their own arrangements.

The cost of the trip over will be as follows:- Sailing on the Arundel Castle from Capetown on June 23, and returning on the Warwick Castle which leaves Southampton on August 10, and arrives Capetown August 24 - Tourist return £43. 4. 0. net.

If the party returns on the Capetown Castle, which arrives in Capetown on September 1, the cost will be £47.10. 5 return, and on the Carnarvon Castle, arriving at Capetown on September 8, the cost will be the same as returning on the Warwick.

Further information will be published in "Veld Trails" from time to time.

CREW FLASHES.

1st ORANGE GROVE.

In spite of losing Reg Smith, who has once again gone to Durban, we are carrying on quite well with Doug Higgs as R.S.L. We forgive Reg for walking out on us, and wish him luck in his new job. The Arabian Night Carnival on December 9 went off very well, but we would have liked to see more fellows from other Crews there. The same applies to our Party on New Year's Eve.

Although we have only managed one Crew hike this month, we are hoping that Doug will drag us out more often in future. Will Crews willing to exchange peaceful visits, preferably on Wednesday nights, please communicate with Scribe B.E. Cook, "Llewellyn." The Avenue, Orchards.

CREW SCRIBES . Please note that as an endeavour is being made to bring out the magazine regularly on the fifth of every month all crew flashes should be in my hands not later than the 20th of the previous month.

Ed.

1st ST. PATRICK'S

The Crew Congrats to the following Office bearers for 1939 "Fatty" Cogill, Rover Mate, Johnny Cilliers, Scribe, "Duggar" Ryan, Treasurer - Hike to Dead Mans Valley enjoyed by Crew and lady friends - Xmas tree howling success, thanks of Crew due to the Ladies who rendered invaluable services, and all who helped in the way of finance - Nick began the New Year with a motor smash, glad to report he has recovered from his visit to the Hospital, the car Alas we weep. Here's mud in your eyes and Good Rovering in 1939.

News Hound D. Toner P. O. Box 6798
JOHANNESBURG.

1st PARKVIEW ROVER CREW

Went for a hike (per motor car) to Olifantspoort. Understand it is the fashion now to swim fully clothed.

During December had to say "so long" to Paul our R.S.L. who has been forced to resign owing to pressure of business. Gave him a "pukka" banquet which was "enjoyed by all". We are not losing Paul completely, however, he has accepted a life membership of the Crew and will hop in any time he is able to.

Did a spot of work in connection with the Sunday Times Toy scheme. We hope no one will query our method of dishing out toys.

Hope to have the interior of our den completed very shortly. The Mathematicians are busy working our quantities now.

SCRIBE, E. Hobbs, 5 Goring Avenue,
Auckland Park.

any self-respecting news-hound down. Anyhow what can I say, you cads, except that we're still having meetings and bright ideas. Latest one is that we start on the interior decoration of our Den. So far 'tis but an idea. Dug Rogan - one of those auditing chappies - brought us greetings and five monkey-nuts from Witbank Crew last meeting. The greetings were all right but those monkey nuts were rather frayed and worn about the edges. Just shows you can't keep monkey nuts in your pocket for a week and expect them to stand up to the strain. Say, we've been to the Jamboree. A good show. Glad to see Ronnie back again after his high-dive stunt. Our sympathy goes to Dick Stranger on the loss of his mother. Hope to see you soon Dick. Parkview has a warm spot in it's heart for you.

Why go to Europe for a war? That's what Peter wants to know. It's just as easy having an argument at 11.30 p.m. over a fence. Good work, Peter. That's all!

Hearty congrats and all good wishes Hammy. Also the same to the Joy of your life. All the same the Crew's going P. T. B.

And by the way cheerio Peto - Bon Voyage and best of luck in the R. A. F.

(Why is it that Parkview, Witbank and monkey-nuts are always mentioned together? Monkey business somewhere! What about this Sports Afternoon with Rosebank, and the Competition idea, and I have't heard from you as to whether your'e coming to the Rover Conference in November. So now what! Mr. Newshound. Ed.)

DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS NOTES

The Jamboree Camp Chief desires to record his appreciation of the fine team spirit shown by Rover Scouts at the Jamboree just concluded. The many "jobs" Rover Scouts were called upon to do, were not only well done, but done most willingly! - Thank you Rovers for your contribution to the success of the Jamboree, and you will all agree it was a great success.

K. N. F.

SOME OPINIONS ON VELD TRAILS.

Transvaal Advertising:

The ads. speak for themselves.

P.M.G. Carry on lads, it all means Revenue.

Harry Lauder. I thoct there wis a free press in Sooth Africa!

Mr. Schlesinger. Your mistake, Harry!

Ellam's Typiste:

I look forward with keen pleasure to your last issue.

Bernard Shaw.

Suits my vegetarian tastes. Not enough meat in it.

REMEMBER THE 1940 ROVER MOOT.
THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR FORGETTING IT.
START SAVING NOW FOR THE CHEAPEST,
MOST EVENTFUL HOLIDAY OF YOUR
LIFE. PEOPLE COME FROM
AMERICA TO SEE THE FALLS.
THEY'RE AT YOUR DOOR
IN 1940.

CREW FLASHES.ST. JOHN'S (2nd Turffontein)

The crew welcomes back to the fold John Southgate who has just returned from his annual leave. It also mourns the temporary loss of one of its newest and keenest members, 'Jubb', who is now in army camp. The army and night school seem to be the bane of our existence.

Despite them both the crew held a most successful social evening which proved both a social and financial success thanks both to 'Lange' and the entertainments committee. With the rapid approach of the 1940 Rover Moot finance seems to loom rather large on the crew's horizon.

The crew hopes, after its first investiture ceremony which is scheduled for June, to be able to come out of its shell and accept and return some of the very kind invitations extended to it by friends in other Crews.

HART'S OWN CREW (Near West Rand.)

News from the Near West Rand again. As we are a comparatively new Crew, very little is heard of us, but I think that in the future we will have quite a lot to say. Firstly we meet on Thursday evenings in the FLORIDA H.Q. which is a fine large stable, and our membership is comprised of FLORIDA and MARAISBURG fellows. I notice that other Crews are publishing their Programmes. Well here is ours as it has been for the past few months and also for many to come:-

7.30 p.m. Opening Ceremony
Change into working clothes
and start painting the stable.

8.45 p.m. Tea Interval
Discuss events of the week
and also Finance when we have
Credit Balance in our favour
(sometimes we are fortunate
enough to have such a thing).

9.0 p.m. Continue the painting
9.45 p.m. Closing ceremony. Dismiss.

I might mention that at the close of our evenings work almost as much paint as is on the walls can be seen on the floor.

Other Crews who are busy visiting, take my advice and make HART'S OWN your last call as we are up to our eyes in paint and find difficulty in gaining entrance to the Stable ourselves. Mind you, if you can't wait that long you will always be made welcome, and supplied with a cup of smoked tea and Spratt's Dog biscuit.

Before I forget, our Congratulations to Rover R.D. Dodkins on the birth of a son (I mean his wife). One day we hope that he will be as good a Rover as his Daddy.

A.D. THOMPSON (SCRIBE)

1ST ST. PATS.

The Crew are keen on hearing from Rosebank re the Sunday football, please forward details.

Went hiking over Easter, several members put in a night or two of camping. Don't forget the Beetle Drive in aid of this paper.
SUPPORT YOUR MAG ROVERS, every penny to VELD TRAILS.

2ND CROWN MINES.

Owing to evening classes, and the fact that the majority of our members are active officers, we have lately been concentrating on assisting the other sections of the Group, as far as possible, and have completed the clearing of an open-air parade-ground for the Pack.

"Shakes" and John covered a considerable area of country to the South-West of our Den during a hike over the Easter week-end, and struck what promises to be an excellent camping site, provided the water is good. This point is being tested, so we will report further at a later date. It may interest "Nim" to know that his ant-heap fire was tried out, and proved very successful, but it is NOT smokeless. Incidentally, how would the S.P.C.A regard ant-heap fires?

Please note that our Scribe is H.V. Goodwin, at 56, 12th Avenue, Mayfair, and not F.L. Hill, as reported in error in the December issue of "VELD TRAILS".

H.V. GOODWIN (SCRIBE)

1ST BELGRAVIA - KENSINGTON.

The Crew has been in recess for a month, the members all being away on leave. Just previous to this they painted the new Scout Hall, which was officially opened just recently. Later on the Committee intends building a den as well. At present the crew meets in a small den built by themselves, in the garden of one of the Committee